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Clarksville Chronicle.

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NEBLETT & GRANT,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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ALL orders from a distance (accompanied with the cash) will be met punctually and upon very reasonable terms.
Nov 27, 1861-ly

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Will attend promptly to the collection of all claims entrusted to his care.

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CRUSMAN & MITCHELL,

(Successors to)

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REAL ESTATE AGENT

And

AUCTIONEER!

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CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

June 7, 1861-ly.

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March 22, 1861-3mos.

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Fine Table Cutlery, &c.

HAVING recently returned from the Eastern cities with a full and well selected stock, purchased on first hands, thereby saving the Jobbers' profit, we are enabled to offer our Goods at

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

At New-York Prices!

OUR PLATED WARE we sell at Manufacturers' List Prices.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

Call at the sign of the Big Watch, Public Square.

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Clarksville, Tenn., Oct. 19, 1860-ly.

TO FARMERS.

5,000 BUSHELS IRISH POTATOES

AND

1,000 BUSHELS ONIONS

WANTED.

For which I will pay the highest market price in cash.

G. A. ROTH.

Sept. 27, 1861-3 mos.

DENTAL NOTICE.

TO my friends and the public generally I would most respectfully say that my connection with the Railroad Investigating Committee will no longer interfere with my professional engagements, and that I can be found, at all hours, either night or day, at my office, south side of Franklin street, opposite the Masonic Hall. A continuation of your patronage respectfully solicited.

H. M. ACKER, Dentist.

Sept. 27, '61

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The Mysterious Counsel.

BY J. W. LEWIS.

Chapter I.

In an elegant and well-furnished apartment of one of the fashionable hotels of St. Louis, a young man was seated. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and his manner plainly indicated him to be the heir of wealth. His countenance, which had once evidently been handsome, was now furrowed by passion, and tinged by the fashionable vices and dissipation of the day.

With a luxurious "El Honda" between his lips, from which the smoke was curling in light fleecy clouds towards the ceiling, and his feet upon the sofa, he was intently regarding an open letter which he held in his hand, while a sardonic smile rested upon his features.

"So, ho! this, then, is the reason why I am refused! The poor fool loves another, and that a miserable student of law. A mighty rival to contend with Ralph Ruritani for the love of a portionless milliner! Well, it will be for him if he never crosses my path! As for her, she evidently thinks I wish her for a wife, a slight mistake on her part, as I shall prove; but as my mistress she might cut quite a figure! But, let me see," and throwing his sugar into the grate, he moved nearer to the light, and again examined the letter. It was in a fair, delicate womanly hand, and read as follows:—

MONDAY EVENING.

My Dearest Friend:—Seated alone in my chamber, I will endeavor to collect my wandering thoughts to write a few lines in reply to yours. No, John, I have not forgotten the time when you, a poor scholar, and I a friendless orphan, walked side by side upon the banks of our own loved Connecticut, and talked of love and the future. Nor have I forgotten the words you then uttered in reference to a promise never made being forever again. I think now as I thought then.

You complain that I am cold-hearted—that I do not manifest affection enough. You would persuade yourself that distance has chilled my bosom towards you. John, you shall know me better. Deep, deep within my heart there is a living spring of affection that I almost shudder when attempting to fathom, which is gushing out towards you, and you alone.

Yes, Heaven only knows how deeply I love you. There have been moments in my life when a sense of utter loneliness would almost overcome me, and I longed for a kindred spirit—a friend in whom I could confide, and tell all my joys and sorrows. Being early bereft of a girl's best friend—a mother—and, having no brothers or sisters, I have been almost alone in the world.

But why need I recount the particulars of my childhood's years? It would be to you only a repetition, when you know that my heart would pour from the depths of its wilderness, a wealth of sweetest love for thee.

The hour is late and I must close; but ere I say "good night," I need I add a request that you will try not to think me cold-hearted? I am sure that I need not say you know my heart is yours, and that I will be true to you.

Your own
"Ha! quite pretty, and very sentimental, upon my honor! Pedro has shown the cunning of his race in securing this, and added another to the already long list of favors of a similar character. But I will this very night subdue the pride of the proud beauty, or it will be the first time that Ralph Ruritani was ever foiled by a woman."

He arose and rang the bell. It was answered by a small dark-skinned, wily Spaniard, whose keen, trenchant eyes, and every feature denoted a villain.

"Pedro, I am going out—order up the horses at once."
The man hastened to obey and humming an opera air, his master slowly followed.

Chapter II.

At the same hour, in a plainly and neatly furnished room, connected with her millinery establishment, the beautiful woman who had been the subject of Ralph Ruritani's schemes was seated. Her eyes were fixed in wrapt dreaminess upon the fire, but her thoughts were evidently far away.

Here was a style of beauty to bewilder the dullist imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in memory a gleaming picture enameled in fire and fixed in a frame of gold and diamonds. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as to be seen. You might feel it in the light of her countenance, clear as the golden rays of the noonday sun, brilliant as the iris in the contour of her form, and features symmetrical as if cut by a chisel of Canova, in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing softer than silk, finer than gossamer, about her beautiful neck and shoulders; in her eyes, blue as the heavens of an Italian summer, large, liquid, melting; in her movements, graceful, swimming like the gentle light of a bird of Paradise; in a figure, not slight, but yet seeming ethereal as a sylph—but more than all, in a sweet smile of rosy lips, so calm, so serene, and yet possessing the power to magnetize and thrill the heart of the beholder.

There was a tinge of romantic mystery attached to her position in St. Louis. Twelve months previous she had arrived in the city, and had opened a shop in connection with her residence for the sale of articles of her trade, which she prepared with consummate skill and taste. Of modest and retiring habits, she might hope to have escaped notoriety, but for the perisous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often proves to the poor and friendless only a curse.

She was soon sought after by those glittering fire-flies of fashion and wealth who seek only to dazzle and allure, the profession of whose life everywhere is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful milliner rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among the rejected admirers was one of a character from whom the fair stranger had everything to fear. This one was the Ralph Ruritani already introduced to the reader!

Belonging to a family at once opulent, influential and dissipated, he was himself dissipated, brave and furiously revengeful

river; and a challenge from him was considered the sure precursor of death. But, notwithstanding this, it was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emilie, and that he had shared the fate of all others—a respectful, but none the less decided repulse.

On the night in question, at the time he chosen to gaze upon her, she was, as we have just said, alone, and evidently thinking of the past.

At length her thoughts seemed to take shape, for she murmured in a musing tone: "Alone, alone, upon a wide sea, without your friendly arm, dear John, to protect me, if you only knew the trials that beset my pathway! But I will not complain, for you are struggling with the cold world, and aspiring to a position and a name—How long, oh! how long will it be ere we shall meet, and our hands be, as our hearts already are, united forever!"

For a moment she relapsed again into silence, and then continued:

"It may be that I do wrong to harbor for a moment those fears which seem to have taken possession of me, in relation to Ralph Ruritani, but there is a menace in his tone, a threat in his gestures, as well as in his words, which bids me beware of him. He is a bold, bad man, and undoubtedly would not scruple at almost any deed of villainy, but yet, bad as he is, I hardly think he would, in any case, dare to attempt coercion."

"Ay, but he dare!"

The maiden turned pale at this startling interruption, and springing to her feet—while the hue on her cheek rapidly assumed an indignant carnation at the intrusion upon her privacy—she confronted the speaker.

It was Ralph Ruritani, who stood before her with a cool, calculating smile upon his features.

"Well met, fair Emilie," he exclaimed, approaching and attempting to take her hand.

"Stand off, sir. By what right do you intrude your unwelcome presence here? Begone, sir, or you may find that I am not so helpless as you might think."

"By heavens! it's a pity you are not an actress; your tragic airs would not then be wasted. As it is now, they only heighten your beauty. You are like the ocean—beautiful at all times, even in a calm; but glorious, eye, magnificent, in a storm! But you are standing—allow me to conduct you to a seat," and seizing her hand, he attempted to draw her towards the sofa.

"Unhand me, villain!" exclaimed the maiden, struggling to free herself from his grasp. "Nay, thou shalt find me no easy prey." And with the words she gave him a severe blow in the face with her hand, which caused him to release his hold.

At the same moment a loaded revolver fell from his side pocket to the floor. To catch it up, retreat a step and present it towards him, were but the work of a moment.

"Now, sir, one movement, one step in this direction, and you die!" and a look of resolute determination mantled her features as she spoke.

For a moment the reckless man quailed before that frowning weapon and the firm resolution of the one who held it, but for a moment only; and, rushing forward, he exclaimed:

"Ralph Ruritani foiled by a woman! No, nor by the fiends of hell!"

There were two quick, loud reports, followed by a scream of mortal agony, and a heavy fall, and, as the alarmed passers by burst into the bolted door, a scene of horror was presented.

There stood the beautiful milliner in the centre of the room, in her hand a revolver, from the muzzle of which the smoke was still curling upward. Her features were pale, but her lips were parted with a fearless smile, while at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, lay the duelist, Ralph Ruritani, with the impress of death upon his ghastly countenance.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"Need you ask? I did it to save my honor," was the reply of the beautiful milliner.

Chapter III.

As may be readily imagined, the deed caused great excitement and sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes credited the girl's version of the facts, lauding her heroism in measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy family gave a deeper and darker color to the affair, and denounced the lonely maiden as an atrocious criminal.

Unfortunately for her, the judge before whom the preliminary examination was had, and the sheriff, were intimate friends of the deceased duelist, and she was committed, and soon after indicted on a charge of murder.

The case came on in due course of time, and a vast concourse of people had assembled to witness the trial. The court was waiting for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance attracted the attention of the crowd for a moment.

He was a tall, slim youth, of apparently not more than twenty-one years, straight as an arrow, face thin and pale, as if from incessant study—eyes of a yellowish hazel, like an eagle, observing everything—though seeming not to—and, finally, the mouth and lips, cold, thin and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the embodiment of an immense white collar which was turned over his coat, and over which tangled masses of long auburn hair flowed in wild confusion.

Elbowing his way through the crowd slowly, and seeming unconscious of the attention bestowed upon him, he advanced with a somewhat haughty air and seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, who saw this proceeding with surprise.

At this moment the unfortunate girl was brought into court, and as she took her place in the dock, so tastefully dressed

of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling into a deafening cheer. The judge turned to the prisoner and said:

"Emilie Glyden, the court has been informed that your counsel are sick and absent. Do you wish to employ any other?"

She answered in a voice as sweet as the nightingale, and clear as the song of the skylark:

"My enemies seem to have bribed all the lawyers; but God will be both counsel and defence for the innocent."

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the audience murmured their approbation, and some wept. At the same moment the stranger from whom attention had been diverted by the entrance of the fair prisoner, arose to his feet. As he did so, there was a stifled shriek from the dock, and the one on trial seemed for a moment about to faint, but he who had caused her unaccountable emotion, even without glancing at her, addressed the court in a clear, ringing voice, sonorous and manly:

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending this case."

"What!" exclaimed the judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a sneer, "since by the recent statute any person may act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the judge.

"Let her speak for herself," he answered.

"I do," was the answer, as a loud drawn sigh escaped that seemed to rend her heart-strings.

The trial was then commenced. The man Pedro was first examined, and swore to a long tissue of falsehood with a very slight coloring of truth. This was followed by the evidence of those who heard the report of the revolver and witnessed the terrible scene. The evidence for the prosecution was closed, and as the defence had none to offer, the pleading began.

Three advocates spoke in succession for the government, but their arguments are not worth recording. Assuming at once the guilt and malice preposse of the prisoner, they about equally divided their howling eloquence between her and her counsel, as if in doubt as to which of them was on trial.

As for the stranger, he seemed not to pay the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed in his hands, like one in deep thought or slumber.

When the counsel for the prosecution closed, however, he sprang to his feet, and, crossing the bar, took a position almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a low voice, almost a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild and clear, so ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from floor to ceiling. At the outset, he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the whole mass of evidence from deceptive and intangible conclusions to clear and obvious proof, through which nature's great law of self-defence, the want of malice, and the justification of the act, shone with the clearness of an oriental sun. But when he came to speak of the letter, which Emilie had written and addressed to another, being opened and detained by the duelist, and the inference to be drawn therefrom, jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction.

Changing his position so as to sweep the bar at a glance, he began to examine the arguments of his adversaries. His face glowed like a heated furnace; his eyes resembled living coals, and his voice rang like a clarion.

Seldom, indeed, had they listened to such force denunciations. It was like an eagle charging a flock of crows; like Jove hurling red-hot thunderbolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods. And yet, in the whirlwind of his fury he seemed calm, employing no gesture save the movement of his bony forefinger, directed at his antagonists. He pictured their venality and unmanliness in coarsening for gold to hunt down a friendless orphan girl, until a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude.

Once more he changed his theme, and his voice grew more fervent as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelty and woman's wrongs, with special illustration in the case of his client, until one-half the audience wept like children.

But it was in peroration that he reached the culmination at once of terror and sublimity. With features as lived as those of a corpse, hair waving back as if in horror, nerves shaking as with a palsy—he lifted his hands wildly towards the heavens, and with each extended finger quivering like an aspen leaf, he closed with the last words of the duelist:

"Ralph Ruritani foiled by a woman! No, nor by the fiends of hell!"

His emphasis upon the last four words seemed the embodied ideal of all horror; it was a wail of immeasurable despair.

Its effects on those who heard it would be impossible to describe. Men groined, women screamed, and one poor woman was borne out in convulsions. The strange counsel took his seat, having spoken one hour.

The judge attempted to sway the minds of the jury by charging strongly against the accused and disparaging her counsel, but as well might he have attempted to stem the current of the foaming Niagara as to quell the influence of truth and justice which that masterly spirit had roused in the breasts of the jury and people.

Without leaving their seats, the jury rendered a verdict of "Not guilty!" and three cheers, like the successive roars of an earthquake, shook the court-house from dome to centre.

The strange counsel immediately took the hand of his fair client and led her from the hall. A covered carriage was waiting, into which they both got, and

was, like most other mysteries, seemingly forgotten; and the inhabitants in its immediate vicinity looked to see the little milliner shop open again, yet they looked in vain, for she had become the bride of him who had so nobly won her, and who, as the reader has doubtless surmised, was the mysterious "John" mentioned in the letter.

Years have passed since then, but they still live, blessing and to be—happy in having more than reached their ideal dreams of youth.

[From the Norfolk Day Book, Nov. 5.]

Commodore Stringham and the Hatteras Prisoners.

Some few facts in relation to Commodore Stringham, of the Minnesota, and the Hatteras prisoners, having recently come to our notice, we deem them worthy of mention as highly creditable to that officer. It appears that by the articles of agreement between Commodore Stringham and Commodore Barron, the Hatteras prisoners surrendered as "prisoners of war," and on arriving at New York, Stringham sent a dispatch to that effect, intimating that they were to be treated as prisoners of war, and not as rebels.

This the administration objected to; and in consequence of this objection there sprang up considerable telegraph communication between the Commodore and the administration, and the prisoners were not landed for several days after their arrival, Stringham refusing to surrender them unless it was clearly stipulated and agreed upon on the part of the Government that they were to carry out in good faith what had been agreed to at Hatteras. It is said that Stringham, in the meantime, frequently approached Commodore Barron and Col. Martin, and assured those gentlemen, on his honor, that they had no cause to apprehend deceit; that sooner than he would put them on shore without the full assurance of the Government that the compact would be strictly kept, he would blow up the ship with every soul on board, himself among the rest. However, he persevered in his determination, and did not, or would not, surrender one of them until his terms were complied with fully.

The course pursued by Com. Stringham in this case, made him unpopular with the dynasty, and either in consequence of this or his utter contempt of those in power, he resigned his commission and retired to private life, and several of the officers under him did the same thing at the same time, while Halle, who had been his secretary, continued on, with the determination to leave the Federal service as soon as an opportunity offered to join the Confederate service; and he accordingly left when he got to Hampton Roads, bringing away with him certain articles, which, it is said, caused the detention of the Federal fleet from sailing on their expedition some two or three days; as, after he left, they had to send to Washington to get them before they could sail, not being able to do so without them.

On the arrival of the Minnesota in the harbor of New York, we understand, a steamer was chartered by some of those cowardly scoundrels, the Zouaves, that ran away from Bull Run so fleetly. These fellows were very eager to get at the unarmed prisoners for the purpose of murdering them. They were very impudent, coming close alongside of the ship and insulting the prisoners. Commodore Stringham seeing this, ordered the steamer they were in to keep off a certain distance or he would sink her. And when the prisoners were getting ready to land on the island, these blood-thirsty braves made for that place, on which the Commodore sent word to the commander of the island if he did not clear the island of these miserable cowards he would arm the prisoners for their own defence against the execrable wretches, whereupon they took to their steamer and went back to New York city.

These facts we glean from parties who were among the prisoners. And it furthermore appears to be confirmed that the Federal authorities have been for some time prior to their attack on Hatteras, very anxious to attempt the capture of Norfolk, and have only been dissuaded from it by Commodore Stringham bitterly opposing any such fool hardy attempt.

He told them, it appears—Gen. Butler in particular, who was most eager to urge it on—that he, Stringham, would have nothing to do with any such folly; that they could lose twenty thousand men and all the ships in the Baboon's navy, and they would then be as far from it as they were before they commenced.

Reported Resignation of General Rousseau.

The latest arrivals from Louisville bring us a rumor of the resignation of General Rousseau. The reason assigned is a sore throat, from which we know he has suffered severely for several weeks, but the real cause is the fact that he has been over-slaughed by Yankee Generals from Ohio whom he thought should be under his command and direction. A abolitionist as he is, he did not like the idea of taking Kentucky affairs entirely out of the hands of Kentuckians and placing them in the hands of Ohio Yankees.—[Louisville Courier.]

We have the authority of Thurloe Weed for the assertion, says the Buffalo Courier, that Mr. Lincoln expresses the most intense regret that he did not urge the adoption of the Crittenden Compromise resolutions by his friends in Congress.

Col. Hawkins, commanding at Hatteras, advises the troops to be returned to Fortress Monroe, on account of its untenable condition in severe storm. Much damage was done by the recent storm.—The troops had to retire.

A STEAM RAM FOR MOBILE.—A bill appropriating \$150,000, for the immediate construction of an iron-clad gunboat and ram for Mobile Bay and harbor, has

Army Correspondence.

GREGG'S REGIMENT, CAMP TEXAS, }
Hopkinsville, Ky., Nov. 8, '61.

MR. EDITOR: Believing that a line from one of our fraternity is at all times acceptable, I embrace a leisure moment to inform you, in a feeble and very brief manner, how the regiment that caps this greasy piece of foolscap is thriving in this portion of the continent, where Lincoln vandalism has hitherto been so rife.

We encamped at this point last Sabbath, at about 3 p. m., after traversing a muddy and rock bound road, and being subjected to the winds and rains of heaven which almost unceasingly attended us from our departure of your beautiful city.

Not leaving Clarksville until afternoon, we did not come over ten miles that day, but proceeded early in the morning to make tracks toward this almost defenseless locality. But now we are all here—the sick we left in Tennessee coming in yesterday, looking far better than we left them; for what soldier could not improve when such fair damsels as I saw in Clarksville the other day, during our absence continually ministered to their wants. Surely "the sick chamber is destitute of its chief solace unless graced by the presence of her sex."

Halting in the vicinity, we formed and paraded though town, amid unceasing cheers from both sexes, and were met by Gen. Tilghman who conducted us to the camping ground he had selected for Texas.

Since we have been rendezvousing at this place a body of soldiery could not have received more